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'SENDING-IN DAY.'

It was finished at last. I could do nothing more for it. Good or bad, there it was—*done*. I became fully alive to the important fact only by gradations of consciousness. I stood before my picture—my first serious essay, my first bid for a footing on Fame's ladder. I felt hot and giddy somehow—beset by tremendous impulses to run in again and add further touches—to blend—tone down in places—fetch out high lights. I was only stayed by an overpowering suspicion that I might do more harm than good; that it would be better to leave off and stand by what I had done, than to peril my chances of success by nervous hap-hazard work at last. I stood in a rapt attitude—petrified; a disordered sheaf of brushes, like a classical representation of Jove's thunderbolts, grasped in my left hand, and my right clutching at my shirt-front, or grasping my forelock, or flung up wildly above me. I am not sure where it was.

Was it really a good thing? Let me put away my art-instruments, and sit down calmly and consider the matter. The frame looked well, certainly. It was a grand complication of bright and dull gold. The picture? Let us come to that. Does the nimbus eclipse the saint? But my eyes have seen nothing else for so long. Day and night has that canvas been before them; they are perfectly drunk with it; they are not capable of taking care of themselves, or of forming a correct opinion on the subject. At one moment, they decide that one of the finest works that art has ever given birth to, now decks my easel; at the next moment, they—well, they don't give nearly so flattering a verdict.

But then I know too much of the secret history of the work. I have been behind the scenes. The public will only see Desdemona. I see something more, or something less—I see Miss Larkins the model. Though I did all man could to pale her, and to quench her, and to sentimentalise her, still she seems to me to be shining through Desdemona in rather a dreadful manner. It is like the copper appearing on every edge of an old plated spoon. I know whose are those curving lips, fruity in colour and aspect, which can disclose such pretty pearly teeth, and permit the escape of such deformed grammar. I know whose are the green-gray sparkles of those eyes (altered in the picture to a violet hue, to suit buyer's prejudices). I know well the green and orange tawny of the floating locks. I know the Larkins complexion, which is perhaps even clearer than the Larkins character. I know the set of the Larkins neck on the Larkins shoulders; and the

Larkins pose and action altogether. They are all in the picture—all but the Larkins hand; for the Larkins bites her nails. And Brabantio. Mayhap the public will regard him as a fine specimen of the venerable Venetian senator. I know that he is not so. I know him to be old Begbie the model, whose Roman-nosed, hungry-looking, lean, yellow face is anybody's property at any time, at the rate of one shilling per hour. And Othello, waving his dusky hands as he relates 'the story of his life from year to year,' and captivates the gentle lady listening—I know the origin of that glowing brown face. I can only see in it my swarthy friend, Arna Chella Saubanputty, the Madras coolie, whose whilom occupation it was to sweep the crossing and sell hymns round the corner. He was the best match I could get, but he was not very much like a Moor. How hard, how hard I toiled to paint out of his face his unfurnished, inane, ignoble expression! How strenuously I endeavoured to kindle in him some sense of grandeur! It was like lighting a fire with green wood. I could only arrive at a fizz, a splutter, or a dull smoke; not a generous blaze. I even, on one occasion, went so far as to make him drunk, in the hope that he might emit in that state some sparks of savage sensibility—some aboriginal emotion, however evanescent. It was all in vain. I could have forgiven him if he had gone mad; but he stopped short at idiocy. A whining imbecility broke out in him; tears came into his eyes; a feeble laugh, like the neighing of a consumptive filly, quavered on his lips. His complexion clouded, and became opaque; and, ultimately, he collapsed altogether in a hopelessly degraded state. I know, too, the thorough sham of the *mise en scène*. I know that some humiliation lurks behind each incident of the picture. I can detect readily—too readily—that a remnant of an old muslin curtain has *sat* for Othello's turban; that a dish-cover assisted at the painting of the armour in the background; that the leg of a veteran mahogany fourposter aided in the delineation of that elaborate wood-carving; that a red table-cloth abetted the painting of Brabantio's robes; that the Moor's yataghan has often before presented itself to the public gaze in a transpontine hippo-drama. All these facts glare out and strike at me from the picture each an individual and staggering blow. The result is heating, depressing, disagreeable.

Nevertheless, Mrs O'Dwyer, my housekeeper, has pronounced the thing 'fust-rate.' She ought to know something about it; she has had some experience in art. Have not artists been sojourning in her house for these last thirty years? ever since she was left a

'lone, lorn widow,' as she says. 'Lisbeth, the housemaid, she too has seen it, and approves cordially; declaring, moreover, Desdemona to be the 'very himage' of her deceased niece of precocious attainments, whose name was Betsy Jane, and whose earthly career measles put an end to prematurely at the age of ten. She decides, too, that Othello is 'bootiful.' Can it be that she has a furtive tenderness for Saubanputty, and that love is warping her criticism?

'Can you lend a fellow some turps?'
It was a deep, ophicleide kind of voice. I recognised it at once: no one in this world but Tom Maule possesses such an organ.

'Come in.'

'How are you? Hollo! finished!'

He was looking at the picture.

'Othello's tale to Desdemona. Bravo, young 'un!'

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.'

(He pealed out the quotation in a very bass, tempestuous way, like the sound of distant thunder.)

'It's not bad; it isn't! You've had Larkins for Desdemona.'

I winced.

'You've improved her nose, I think. Begbie, of course, for Brabantio—I recognise the old fool; and the nigger—that fellow must be making a hatful of money.'

'Sit down. Can you suggest anything? There's but a few hours more, and then it must go—good or bad!'

'Exactly;

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head.
O horrible —

All right! don't be nervous—I don't mean the picture.'

He had certainly a fine blank-verse voice.

He sat down at the picture with a demoniac scowl upon his face; it was an expression he always wore when he wished to be or to seem critical; his style of proceeding altogether was of a rather marked character. He inhabited the second floor; I was on the first. By profession, he was an artist; by taste, I should say he was an acrobat. He was upwards of six feet high, and rather broader than he should have been in proportion. He delighted in feats of strength, and was for ever tumbling about in a violent manner in his rooms above me: I lived in a perpetual fear lest he should some day come crashing through the ceiling. He could bend a poker on his arm; he could throw I don't know how many pounds' weight; it was almost certain death to play at single-stick or to spar with him; he hit so hard; he could turn somersaults and 'do the splits.' It was a fancy of his to imitate the violent deaths in vogue on the stages of minor theatres, consisting in sudden falls backward on the floor. I think his tastes altogether were exaggerated and theatrical. When he painted, he completely acted a part even in dressing for it: he assumed flowing Titianesque velvets, with a Rubens hat, and wore always a Michael Angelo beard, glowing orange in colour. I cannot help thinking that he was rather a sham; but he was so grand withal, that the sham was merged and lost in the grandeur.

There was a knock at the door.

'Come in.'

'Hollo! here's Buzzard.'

'How are you, Buzzard?'

He was a little, ascetic-looking man, with a semi-bald head, dim eyes, a feeble moustache, and a yellow complexion. He was colourless and wan—some said from study; some, from smoke.

'How are you two fellows? Cold for April, isn't it?'

'Art keeps me warm,' said Maule; 'art and sparring.'

'I'm going a round—seeing the pictures for the Academy. I've just come from Bayswater.'

'Good?'

'Awful—that is, not much.'

'What's Chrome got?'

'Achilles and Hector. Such a thing! Drawn by a baby, coloured by a madman.'

'What an infamous criticism! Chrome, if not the greatest'—

'And Dibbler?'

'The Death of the Knight Templar. His studio's in an awful mess. He's had a dead horse there for a fortnight. Gamey—no end. The fume's affecting his brain: he's mad to paint a battle-field—talks of nothing but carnage and carrion.'

'He's a nice man.'

'The best thing I've seen is Byle's.'

'Oh, of course you praise him,' growled Maule; 'he's one of your set.'

'What's the subject?'

'Delicious! a child playing at cat's-cradle with his blind grandfather, who is a pauper lunatic. Colour and drawing marvellous—all poetry. The painting of the old man's highlows is full of the highest feeling. Have you seen the new model?'

'What's her name?'

'Flip.'

'Oh, I know her. One of the scraggy sort you fellows are always painting,' says Maule. 'Give me flesh and blood—bone and muscle.' And he went into a fighting attitude.

'May we smoke?'

'By all means. Here's the Birdseye. You'll have some beer?'

'Bitter,' from Buzzard.

'Stout,' from Maule.

These arrangements were made satisfactorily.

'Is this your picture for the Academy?' and Buzzard stood before my easel.

'I shall go,' cries Maule: 'Buzzard's going to break out into art-criticism; I know it by the bilious sparkle in his eye.'

Maule did not stir notwithstanding; in fact, he only wanted to kindle Buzzard.

'Of course,' said Buzzard, not regarding Tom in the least, and in a withered, husky voice—'of course, if men will paint in this way, I can't help it.'

'You don't like it?' I said timidly.

'That's a mild way of putting it. I'm not a man to talk'—

('Oh!' from Tom.)

'I don't talk my views on art; I paint them. I get abuse, but I shall paint that down. You've seen my works? You can judge, then, whether I am the man to like such a picture as this.'

I was rather crushed. Maule came to the rescue. He stamped on the floor, and every article in the room trembled.

'Buzzard, you talk bosh; you paint it too. I don't know whether I would rather not hear you, or not see your works. Talk about your painting! I know what your picture is this year, and'—

'I can't send the large one,' said Buzzard; 'I could not get it done.'

'I hope you never may. It's got no name—only a quotation from Keats, which doesn't apply. It represents a gleaner woman in a scarlet dress, asleep in a pea-green field, with an orange sky at the back. She's awfully ugly. Her hair is red worsted stuck on in skeins; her face is all freckled, as though she'd been peppered. He has painted each individual freckle.'

'It's not true.'

'Her feet are two feet long each. I'm not joking. He counted her eyelashes before he painted them: she has twenty-nine on the right, and twenty-six only on the left eye, because it's rather in perspective. She has blue stockings, and her ankles—O my! There's no concession to popular notions about prettiness there. On her nose is perched a blue-bottle, splendidly painted. I will say that. I never saw such a good blue-bottle out of a butcher's shop. It is said he went to Newgate market expressly to paint it.'

'You're talking nonsense, Maule!'

'No, I ain't. Do you know what it all means? You'd never guess: it's got some precious deep metaphysical intention about it—deuced subtle, and that sort of thing; I can't give it to you all. It's something about the human soul stagnating in the golden fields of life, roused from the stupor of normal existence, which is sleep, by an accidental sting from a fly, which represents the slight suffering which rouses the human understanding to consciousness of its own worthlessness. It's rather beyond me, but it's something like that.'

'You are too absurd to be contradicted.'

'All right. It's a great country. Fancy artists being insane enough to paint such things. Fancy an Academy presuming to hang such things! O how lucky there is not a public idiotic enough to buy such things!'

'But my picture?' I said.

'I'll tell you,' remarked Buzzard patronisingly, 'the best bit of painting in the whole thing: it's Desdemona's brooch. With a little more care in the drawing, and a little more brilliancy of colour, that would have been a triumph of art. The rest is fatal—hopeless.'

'Nonsense,' struck in Maule; 'the brooch is a blemish—carried too far. If I were you, I'd scumble a little umber and Indian red over it. In fact, you have damaged your work all over by attempting to imitate nature too closely.'

'Faugh! you've failed because you have not stuck close enough to nature.'

'I have sought,' I said, rather timidly, 'to unite the merits apparent to me in two very different manners of painting. I have endeavoured to combine the freedom, the movement, the generalisation of effect, which appertain to the heroic, the ideal style of art, with the delicacy of finish and colour, the appreciation of detail, which characterise the real or natural school of art.'

'Preposterous!' they both cried.

'The sooner that couple are divorced the better; they can't agree. There's a fearful incompatibility of temper between them.'

'To yoke the truths of the real with the falsehoods of the ideal, is to tie a living man to a dead and corrupt body.' And Buzzard looked severely grand.

'You're going to the bad, I'm afraid, young man,' cried Maule. 'It will do you good to come up stairs and see my picture. It's a grand thing, though I say it. It's "Samson pulling down the Temple and destroying the Philistines." It's fine! It's 24 feet by 16. Some of the figures are larger than life, and all nude. I've used pounds upon pounds of colour. Samson measures a yard and a quarter across the chest. I am not afraid to say that I believe it to be the finest study of the muscular nude, since Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. (He took off his Rubens hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, as to be singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and flustering, and irresolute: it will set you up like sea-breezes and sarsaparilla. It's stunning. I

was rather sold when I found I had to make him blind. In my first sketch, I'd got the fire of his eyes in wonderfully: his glance almost burned you up as you looked. I wanted to stick to it, and make him see, as a fair artistic licence; but they wouldn't let me; so I scumbled over his eyes.'

'I can fancy the thing,' remarked Buzzard; 'that's near enough for me. A chaotic mass of struggling limbs; a butcher's shop with odd joints in all directions; stray legs staggering about without any particular owners, like the crest on a Manx halfpenny; the whole bathed in sloppy brown—blotched with swarthy red and muddy blue; all sorts of colours puddled up together like the refuse of a dyer's yard.'

'You think, then,' I said, with the view of bringing them back to the original subject, 'with reference to my picture'—

'That the least departure from nature is an error,' cried Buzzard.

'That the closer you keep to nature the further you are from art,' roared Maule.

'In art, nature is the be-all and the end-all!'

'In art, nature is a means, and not an end!'

'Paint out all but Desdemona's brooch, and begin anew.'

'Scumble over such deluded attempts at finish. Give Othello more muscle, more of the nude; more fire to Desdemona; more action to Brabantio. Take up a big brush and splash away with your burned sienna like a man.'

'There's no such thing as brown in nature.'

'Art should be all brown. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in some things, but not in art. There's nothing like dirt!'

'But dirt isn't brown.'

'What then? Inky purple?'

'Maule, you talk bosh!'

'Buzzard, I despise you!'

'Away with you, high-art impostor!' cried Buzzard fiercely; 'away to your pickled salmon-flesh, your treacle shadows! Away to your burlesque biceps and caravan monstrosities! Away, art-acrobat, to your regions of impossible pose and muscles gone mad!'

'Avaunt, realist sham!' thundered Maule savagely. 'Stippler of putrid flesh-tints—etcher of livid falsities—linner of calfless men and hipless women—adorer of shock heads and hideousness—I despise, I denounce you!'

Maule and Buzzard had quarrelled desperately; I endeavoured to pacify them; I was abused by both. I too, then, quarrelled with both. . . .

And all this was about my picture, which in due time went to the Royal Academy, and in due time came back.

On the back of it there was a large cross in chalk—the reader can guess what that meant. There were two thousand one hundred and forty-nine pictures in London at that time, each also decorated with the grand cross of the Royal Academy, and the two thousand one hundred and forty-nine owners of the pictures were growling fearfully—not to say swearing. The air was filled with their complaints. No wonder that innocent people up in town for the May meetings thought the thunder had commenced unusually early.

On the steps of the Academy I met Maule—he looked fierce and heated.

'Samson is rejected!'

He was aiding four men to struggle down with his picture to a van. The weather was rather gusty, and the colossal work was difficult to manage, and stood a chance of being carried away by the wind down Pall Mall. It was comfortably stowed at last. We walked away.

A small pale man, with a weak moustache, was

gazing intently at one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, as though he were going to paint it—it was Buzzard.

'I sent but a little thing, exquisitely finished—four inches by six—and they say they haven't room!'

A common sorrow made us kinsmen; we were reconciled. We swore—two oaths—eternal friendship to each other, and eternal enmity against the Academy. I wonder whether we shall keep either of our vows!

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI.

THE name of Mezzofanti has long been familiar to British ears. Almost all published records of travel in Italy—and these are legion—have contained more or less detailed accounts of him and his acquisitions; and few tourists, even of the unambitious class, content merely to talk over their recollections, but have returned with some tale to tell of this far-famed and easily accessible Italian lion. These written and spoken reminiscences have, however, widely differed. That Mezzofanti was a distinguished linguist, all have indeed agreed; but even in this particular, there has been exaggeration on one hand, and depreciation on the other. Still more discrepant have been the estimates as to the general intellectual development of the man. By many he has been described as little other than a superior sort of parrot—pronounced wholly wanting in the philosophical element, and in that power of combination so essential to philological excellence; styled a 'framer of keys to palace-gates he had no power to enter;' 'a man who, marvellous in knowing fifty languages, was still more marvellous in never saying in one of them anything worthy to be remembered.'

By others, he has been accredited with stores of profound and varied information, spoken of as not only an extraordinary linguist, but an extraordinary philologist, as gifted with an 'eminently analytical mind, which rapidly penetrated the genius of different languages, and made them his own.' The professed object of Dr Russell's book, now before us, is to collect and balance such conflicting reminiscences, and thus 'to lay the foundation of a much more exact judgment regarding Cardinal Mezzofanti than has hitherto been attainable.' To do this, the author has, he tells us, sought information from 'persons of every class, country, and creed—from friends, from indifferent, and even from hostile quarters;' and making due allowance for the enthusiasm with which every biographer inevitably regards his subject, there is, to our thinking, in the book itself strong internal evidence of 'diligent and impartial inquiry.'

Joseph Caspar Mezzofanti was born at Bologna, in the September of 1774. His parents were in humble circumstances; his father, a carpenter, intelligent and skilful in his craft, upright and honourable in character and conduct; his mother, somewhat superior in point of education to her husband, and uniting much natural talent to a sweet disposition and deeply religious heart. Of their numerous family, two only survived childhood: a daughter, Teresa by name, who married a hair-dresser; and the future linguist, who was ten years younger than this his only sister.

His worthy parents, sensible of their own lack of learning, were determined to bestow it on their only son. At the age of three, he was sent to a dame's school; but here he astonished his mistress, and soon exhausted the good woman's stock of elementary instruction. His next move was to a more advanced school, kept by an Abate Cicotti; but here too he so rapidly ran through the curriculum, that the worthy priest advised his parents, young as the boy then was, to send him at once to some institution where

he might devote himself unrestrainedly to higher and more congenial studies.

The difficulties made by the father were at length smoothed away, and the boy was entered at a school at Bologna managed by the clergy, and among them several Jesuits. The Jesuits, with their rapid insight into the potentialities of the young minds committed to their care, soon took note of their promising scholar, and treated him with distinction and confidence. Little is known of the exact course of his school-days, but we read of marvellous feats of memory—a folio page of a Greek treatise read once and repeated without a blunder—of uniform success in all classes, general popularity, and friendships formed which lasted throughout life. He early manifested a desire to take holy orders, but this was contrary to his father's wishes, who, like all fathers of distinguished men, had views of his own for his son, diametrically opposed to that son's inborn vocation. However, his mother came to the rescue, and he became a scholar in the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Bologna, when only a boy of twelve. At the age of fifteen, he took his degree in philosophy; but his health sank beneath study so continued and intense, and he was unable to enter upon his theological course till four years later. Having completed it as well as that of canon-law, he attended a celebrated priest's lectures on Roman law, and established a reputation in the class for such proficiency in each of his many studies as would have rewarded undivided attention to it.

It is pleasant to read of his studies being shared by Clotilda Tambroni—herself a professor in the university of Bologna, and a linguist of no mean eminence—and to know that the warm friendship thus formed endured throughout life. But Mezzofanti's Greek studies did not engross him. It was during this time that he learned Arabic and Coptic. French and German he had already learned. The latter was taught him by a Swede of the name of Thulius, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the revolutionary party in Bologna, was exiled about this time. His absence was the means of first calling out that extraordinary, that almost intuitive quickness in mastering a new language, with which Mezzofanti in after-years was wont to amaze even those who knew him best. Being sent for to act as interpreter to a youth newly arrived from Sweden, and consigned to the care of an uncle in Bologna, he found that the language the stranger spoke was as unintelligible to him as to the perplexed circle of relatives. What was to be done? Difficulties were incentives to the zealous linguist. He asked for the books the boy had brought with him, took them home, discovered the affinities between Swedish and German, mastered the peculiarities that distinguish the former from other Teutonic tongues, and, in a few days, was able not only to act as interpreter, but to converse with ease and rapidity!

At the age of twenty-three, Mezzofanti was admitted into full orders, and appointed professor of Arabic in the university of Bologna; a high distinction indeed for one so young. But his tenure of the flattering post was a very brief one. The revolutionary party in Bologna having, early in 1796, invited the French to take possession of their city, the advancing army willingly complied. Before the year was over, Bologna was merged in the Cisalpine Republic, the name given to Bonaparte's conquests in Northern Italy. The new rulers next proceeded to demand of all public officials an oath of fidelity to the republican government, and this oath was enforced with especial strictness in the case of ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, to their honour be it spoken, such was the respect of the authorities for the talents of the young abbé, that they were willing to make an exception in his favour, and to dispense with the oath he had refused to take, provided he would consent to exchange overt acts

of courtesy with the republican governor. On this point, however, Mezzofanti was alike inexorable; and accordingly, in 1798, he lost his professorship, as did also his friend Clotilda, and the celebrated experimentalist Ludovico Galvani.

This was no small sacrifice to loyalty on Mezzofanti's part. At that time, his parents were both in feeble health, his father unable to ply his trade as heretofore, his mother's sight rapidly failing. His sister had become the mother of a large family, whom she found it difficult to maintain—still more to educate. Mezzofanti had liberally assisted them all out of his professorial income, which only amounted to L.25, but which was his chief means of support, the two small benefices conferred upon him as a title to ordination, not exceeding L.8. Another L.8 had been settled upon him by a clerical friend, and this yearly L.16 was all he had to look to. Nothing daunted, however, he proceeded at this juncture to take his sister and her family into his house; and to meet the necessary increase of expenditure, he, like many a brave-hearted man, in all times, bent his genius to the lowly and laborious task of teaching. We are glad to know that this self-sacrifice had its compensations. It brought him into friendly relations with several distinguished families, opened to him libraries rich in foreign books, and afforded him frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing with foreigners. Indeed, thanks to its political reverses, Bologna was at that time a first-rate school for a linguist. French or Austrian troops alternately occupied it during four years, and amongst the latter were found representatives of most of the leading European languages, Teutonic, Slavonic, Czealink, Magyar, Romaic, &c., all of which were spoken by Mezzofanti with rare perfection; for his religious zeal and his active benevolence had combined to strengthen the natural bias of his mind, and to give him a lofty motive for its indulgence. The military hospitals were filled with Hungarians, Slavonians, Germans, and Bohemians, wounded or invalided; and to use Mezzofanti's own words: 'It pained him to the heart, that from want of means of communicating with them, he should be unable to confess those among them who were Catholic.' Accordingly, he was wont to apply himself energetically to the study of a patient's language till he knew enough to make himself understood; then, by frequenting the sick wards, he soon acquired a considerable vocabulary; and thus he came to know not merely the generic languages of the nations to which the several invalids belonged, but even the peculiar dialects of their various provinces.

Then, again, Bologna was a capital school for a linguist, because, being on the high road to Rome, almost all travellers to the capital stopped there a while. The hotel-keepers, knowing Mezzofanti's passion for a new tongue, were in the habit of apprising him of all new arrivals; and with his sociable cheerful temperament, and perfect freedom from our insular *mauvaise honte*, and dread of committing ourselves, it was to him the easiest and simplest thing in the world to 'call on these strangers, interrogate them, make notes of their communications, and take lessons from them in pronunciation.' At this time, he tells us, 'I made it a rule to learn every new grammar, and to apply myself to every strange dictionary that came within my reach. I was constantly filling my head with new words. I must confess that it cost me but little trouble; for, in addition to an excellent memory, God had blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech.' Early in 1803, the abbé's financial position was a little improved by his appointment of assistant-librarian to the *Istituto* of Bologna; and before the close of the year he was chosen professor of oriental languages.

He was now about thirty years of age, and there is some reason to believe that he was already master of twenty-four languages.

What with constant study, his arduous duties of librarian, family distress, and loss of sleep, Mezzofanti's health now began to give way. At this very time he received a most flattering invitation from the Emperor Napoleon to transfer his residence to Paris, where scientific or literary eminence was then sure of distinction and reward. But his love for his native city and its university, and his attachment to his sister's family, so dependent upon his care, combined with a genuine modesty which made him feel that the 'shade suited him best,' led him to decline the invitation and all its brilliant possibilities. The good man preferred to dwell among his own people, labouring at the wearisome compilation of the library catalogue, tending the sick-bed of his blind mother, composing odes, sonnets, nay, on one occasion, a little comedy for his nephews and nieces, of whom he was the familiar friend and playmate, as well as the earnest and respected instructor. But one of the most painfully felt reverses in the even tenor of Mezzofanti's way was now at hand. In 1808, the oriental professorship, in which he took such delight, was suppressed. This gave him, however, more time to study, and he now first turned his attention to Sanscrit and other Indian languages, with whose vast importance Sir William Jones and others had familiarised the English, but to which Frederic Schlegel had only just called the attention of the learned in continental Europe.

In 1814, a bright change came over the fortunes of our loyal churchman. Pius VII., having been at last set free to return to his capital, reached Bologna early in the month of April, and pressingly invited Mezzofanti to accompany him to Rome, and undertake the secretaryship of the Propaganda, which is well known to be the first step in the direction of a cardinalate. But again the modest student declined to exchange his quiet life for a more brilliant position; and the pontiff could bestow on him no other mark of favour than his re-establishment as oriental professor.

Hitherto, we have drawn our information respecting Mezzofanti from Italian sources only; but now that the peace of 1814 had turned the annual tide of tourists in the old southward direction, he began to be one of the chief objects of attraction at Bologna, and we hear of distinguished men from all quarters visiting him to test his extraordinary gift of tongues. Amongst these was Lord Byron, who disliking, as he said, literary men, and especially foreigners, excepted Mezzofanti, and owned he should like to see him again, calling him, in his lively way, 'a master of languages, a Briareus of parts of speech, a walking polyglot and *omnium gatheron*, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel as universal interpreter—a marvel indeed—unassuming also. I tried him,' Lord Byron goes on to say, 'in all the tongues in which I knew a single oath or adjuration to the gods against post-boys, savages, Tartars, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel-drivers, vetturini, post-masters, &c., and, egad! he astonished me—even to my English.' When Mezzofanti was forty-five, he had the grief of losing his friend, the celebrated Clotilda Tambroni, who, like himself, had been reinstated in her Greek professorship upon the occasion of the pope's return to his country. She was herself an excellent linguist; and Lady Morgan tells us that it was a pleasure to hear how, without any of the 'comparative respect which means the absolute scorn,' her friend and coadjutor did ample justice to the profound—too often the clever woman's only portion—learning which had raised her to an equality of collegiate rank with himself.

It has been said that 'happy are the nations whose

annals are dull; happy, too, was Mezzofanti, we cannot doubt, during the next twelve years of his life—happy in constant occupation, in the culture and exercise of his special gift, and the loving esteem of family and friends, we pass on to his first visit to Rome in 1830, where he was received by Gregory XVI. with the utmost kindness, and at his final audience personally and pressingly invited to settle in Rome, and accept the secretaryship of the Propaganda. It was not, however, till after what the pope himself called 'a long siege' that Mezzofanti consented, gracefully acknowledging his obligations to the pontiff, and declaring that though people said he could speak a great many languages, in no one of them, nor in them all, could he find words to express how deeply he felt this mark of his holiness's regard.

And now we do indeed for once behold 'the right man in the right place.' At the great Urban College, whither students are gathered from every quarter of the world, we have the tutor able to speak to the representatives of forty-one distinct nationalities in his own language. Mezzofanti at the Propaganda! His first visit there must have afforded a curious scene. Making his way unattended to one of the corridors, the first room into which he chanced to enter was that of a Turkish student, now archbishop at Constantinople. The abbé at once began a Turkish conversation; next came a young Greek, and Turkish was changed for Romaic. On the approach of an Irish O'Connor, Romaic gave place to English. Soon the students, attracted by the novel sounds, came pouring in, each to be greeted in his own tongue!

But there was one language unrepresented at the Propaganda, and for that one—namely, Chinese—the insatiable linguist had long and ardently craved. However, there was at Naples a Chinese college, designed for the education, as catechists, of natives of China, Cochinchina, Pegu, Tonquin, and the Indian peninsula. To Naples, accordingly, Mezzofanti went, and threw himself with his accustomed ardour into the study of this most difficult and complicated language. But he paid the penalty of immoderate application, for fever quickly ensued, and his life was for some time in danger. The effect of his illness was completely to suspend his memory for the time. He forgot all languages except his own native Italian. No sooner had health and strength returned, than he devoted himself anew to his life-long pursuit, and having before his attack succeeded in mastering the rudimental principles of the Chinese language, he now availed himself of the assistance of some Chinese students opportunely transferred from Naples to the Propaganda; and accordingly we find that Chinese was one of the thirty languages of which his knowledge has been thoroughly tested and freely admitted by competent judges. He owned, however, that he had acquired it with unwonted difficulty. His method, as he once told Cardinal Wiseman, being to learn through the ear, and not the eye, and Chinese, unlike all other tongues, having an *eye-language distinct from the ear-language*, of which he was obliged to make a separate and special study.

In 1838, Mezzofanti was called to the purple, which of course brought him into still closer relations with the pontiff, to whom he was so sincerely attached. But his favourite studies went on undisturbed. Though now in his grand climacteric, he did not think it too late to set about acquiring several languages with which he had before had little or no acquaintance. Of these, one was Amarinna, an Abyssinian dialect, and the other the proverbially 'impossible' Basque—Basque, with its eleven-mooded and numberless-tensed verb, and its utter absence of affinity with any European language whatsoever.

The death of Pope Gregory XVI., in 1846, was a

great trial to his attached friend, though Pius IX. regarded him with friendship and favour equal to that shewn by his predecessor. Mezzofanti had never taken any part in politics under the former pontificate, nor did he do so now. The fulfilment of his public duties as cardinal, the confessional whenever a foreigner needed his services, and, above all, his pupils in the Propaganda, formed the business of his self-denying and laborious life. During the whole period of his cardinalate, he had been accustomed to help the students in composing their national odes for the Polyglot Academy, held during the week of the Epiphany. These odes were written in no fewer than fifty tongues, and the cardinal would overlook and correct them all. Often during the recitations of the oriental poems especially, the speaker would turn exclusively to him as to the only competent judge of his performance. Amidst political storms, and in spite of his rapidly failing strength, when his favourite festival came round in 1849, he had still a regret to spare for the absence of the accustomed Polyglot Academy of the Propaganda. But his own end was now rapidly drawing near. An alarming attack of pleurisy was followed by gastric fever; he grew weaker and weaker, though conscious to the last; and on the 17th of March, after two months of patient and prayerful suffering, and with words of happy hope on his lips, he calmly expired.

Having given this sketch of a life which, with its privations and its single-minded devotion to a favourite pursuit, reminds us of that of a scholar of the middle ages, we proceed to inquire what Mezzofanti's linguistic attainments really were. We have seen that in 1805, when little more than thirty years old, he was commonly reported to be master of twenty-four languages at least. Twelve years later, Mr Stewart Rose speaks of him as 'reading twenty languages, and conversing in eighteen.' Three years later, again, Baron von Zach computes the languages spoken by him to be thirty-two; and Lady Morgan quotes public report as raising the number to forty. In 1836 he himself told Count Mazzinghi, the well-known composer, that he knew forty-five; and three years later he was in the habit of saying that he knew 'fifty, and Bolognese.' Ten years after this, Mezzofanti told Palten Bresciani, the rector of the Propaganda, that he knew seventy-eight languages and dialects; and his nephew, Dr Gastano Minarelli, has, since the cardinal's death, compiled, after much careful examination of his uncle's books and papers, a list which swells the number to one hundred and fourteen.

But now comes the question, what is meant by 'knowing' a language? 'Doctors differ.' One calculates that, to give complete expression to human thought, a vocabulary of 10,000 words is required. Another asserts that 4000 words are enough for the study of the great classics in any tongue. The standard which Dr Russell adopts, however, appears a very fair and practical one; and when he states of any language that Mezzofanti knew it well, he means that he could read it fluently, write it correctly, and speak it idiomatically. Bearing this in mind, we proceed to give the table he has drawn up:

1. Languages frequently tested, and spoken with rare excellence—thirty.
2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but less accurately tested—nine.
3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly—eleven.
4. Spoken imperfectly—eight.
5. Studied, but not known to have been spoken—fourteen.
6. Dialects spoken or understood—seven of French, six of Italian, two of English, three of Basque, four of Arabic, four of German, three of Spanish, two of Chinese, and one of Hebrew—thirty-two in all.

When we remember that many of these dialects offer all the difficulties of a separate language, we must own that their sum-total is astounding indeed.

The cardinal himself told M. Libri that he found the learning of languages 'less difficult than is generally thought, that there is but a limited number of points to which it is necessary to attend, and that when once master of these, the remainder follows with great facility'—adding, that when ten or twelve languages essentially different from each other have been thoroughly learned, an indefinite number may be added with little difficulty. But to Dr Tholuck and others he also mentioned, that his 'own way of learning new languages was no other than that of our school-boys,' by writing out paradigms and words, and learning them by heart. Dictionaries, vocabularies, and catechisms were his favourite delectation and incessant study, and his memory had an iron grasp, from which nothing once seen or heard ever seems to have escaped.

During the long nights which he devoted to study, he could hardly ever, even when a cardinal, be induced to have recourse to a fire. Singularly abstemious in eating and drinking, limited means were yet compatible with a charity so prodigal as to gain for him the sobriquet of *Monsignor Limosincire*. Affectionate and sincere, the friendships he once formed endured throughout life. Not less remarkable was his humility, 'his habitual consciousness of what he was not, rather than his self-complacent recollection of what he was.' 'What am I,' he would playfully say, 'but an ill-bound dictionary.' Certain superficial observers seem to have associated vanity with his childlike readiness to gratify curiosity by the display of his extraordinary gifts; but this seems to have arisen from his singular self-unconsciousness, as well as from that enjoyment which God has linked with the exercise and improvement of his gifts in every healthy mind. Mezzofanti's buoyant spirits and kindly nature delighted to expand under all circumstances; but the charge of vanity is best refuted by the fact vouched for by his biographer, and worthily closing a notice of his blameless life, that 'never in the most distinguished circle did he give himself to linguistic exercises with half the spirit which he evinced among his humble friends, the obscure and almost nameless students of the Propaganda.'

THE COCK-AND-BULL CLUB.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and I don't want to see one. If anything of that nature, under a mistaken notion of benefiting me by warning me of a danger, or pointing out a treasure-hole, or putting me up to a good thing on a future sporting event, should present itself, I should be frightened to death; there would, if I know myself, be another ghost in the room in about half a minute. As for devil-may-care dogs who visit necropolises alone and at midnight, or who are prepared to sit up in their solitary beds and pronounce their own names solemnly three times, with the intention of raising their familiar spirits—I don't believe such creatures exist. What man dares do—with reason and respectability—I dare; 'who dares do more,' I have good authority for stating, 'is none.' When a certain spectral light steals into my bedchamber upon a sudden, I am accustomed to make me a sort of Crimean tent of the blankets, whereupon I emerge only at long intervals to breathe; I have lost more pounds of flesh in this manner, through moonbeams, than any African traveller surrenders to the sun. Well do I remember that particular terror in my boyhood, which resulted in my remaining at five feet seven, instead of six feet one and a half—the altitude attained by each of my brothers; that shock

from which my constitution took two entire years to recover itself, during which—at youth's most growing time—I did not approach the stars by a single inch. I was about nine years of age when the frightful incident occurred, and what is called—by very old persons who have forgotten what school was—a happy school-boy; that term, however, was, just then, applicable to me enough, since I had got away from my place of durance and instruction for a few days of Easter vacation. I was staying at the house of a cousin, who lived in the outskirts of a large provincial town, of which—as I kept in mind with unutterable awe—he was then the Mayor. Cousin Richard was short and stout to a degree that I should be now inclined to term 'podgy;' but being invested with this supreme and mysterious dignity, he seemed to me to possess a presence more imposing than that of any other being upon the earth's surface. When he said: 'You must sleep in the red room, Harry, since you are so fond of getting up early, and then you won't disturb the house in the morning, in putting on your boots,' I submitted without remonstrance. That I *did* like getting up early—so that I might enjoy as much of the present immunity from my scholastic privileges as possible—that I *did* commonly make a tremendous noise in pulling on my boots, was true enough; but that I should be put in the red room, the state-apartment dedicated to exalted guests, away from the rest of the house, and—almost to a certainty—haunted, seemed a mode of prevention worthy of the worst days of the inquisition. Had my father proposed such a proceeding, had my schoolmaster, had, indeed, any authority with whom I could grapple, and of whose powers I could calculate the extent, I would have protested manfully; but the edict of the Mayor appeared to settle the matter beyond dispute, and I knocked under at once with an Asiatic servility.

I need not say how the rest of that afternoon was embittered by the thought of the night that was to follow; those who are acquainted with such terrors, can easily enough imagine them; those who are not, can never be made to understand them by mere description. Enough to say that about nine o'clock P.M., I found myself in the big bed in the red room, in a cold bath of perspiration, and with my eyes tightly closed, endeavouring to go to sleep before the adults of the house should have retired. As long as the noise of tongues and feet continued, however much in the distance, my mind would, I knew, be comparatively tranquil, and subject to the influence of the dreamy god; but if once the sense of solitude should creep over me, slumber would become impossible, and I should fall a victim to the dreadful powers of darkness for the rest of the night.

I did go to sleep, in accordance with these profound calculations; but unhappily, and contrary to them, I woke about three hours afterwards. It was midnight. I did not require the weird accents of the cuckoo-clock upon the stairs to tell me that. I possessed as acute a perception of that ghostly time as aldermen of their dinner-hour, or station-masters of the period when the night-express is wont to flash for a moment between the trembling walls. The moon was shining through the shutterless windows, and throwing all kinds of suspicious shadows about the old red room. Red room! Why red? The marrow in my youthful bones caught such a chill at the bare idea, that I did not care to repeat the question. Two oaken cupboards, which, in my haste to get into the regions of oblivion, I had forgotten to examine, began to harass me with anxieties about their contents. I slipped cautiously out of bed. Good Heavens, was somebody holding on to my night-gown, or—? No; it was a long one, and I had trodden upon it with my own foot—that was all. I approached the doors, and, without taking the liberty of opening them, turned their keys,

which happened fortunately to be outside of them. Flattered with this ingenious device of my own, I had retired to my couch, and was once more courting slumber, when a tormenting thought seized hold of me, and roused me up again. *I had forgotten to look under the bed.* I lay awake, endeavouring to reason with myself upon so absurd an anxiety, but nothing came of it, except a singing of the ears and increased suspicion. I thought I heard respirations from under the mattress; I heard groans; I began to feel the mattress move under me. 'No, dash it all!' cried I, as I sprang to my feet and lifted the valance, 'I am not going to be frightened to death in this manner, by nothing.' By nothing! Oh, was it nothing, though, that met my affrighted gaze under that bed!

I was beneath the blankets in about a quarter of a second afterwards, in a state of terror that absolutely for a little time deprived me of sensation. My imagination, fertile as it had always been in conjectures of a horrible nature, had never, indeed, come up to the reality of what I had just seen; a robber, a ghost, the arch-enemy of man and boy himself, any or all of these I had been, in a measure, prepared to find in the red room, but a Coffin—an enormous Coffin—large for the shoulders, and tapering somewhat delicately towards the feet; to find an article of that description under my bed was a shock unexpected indeed. There it was, however, sure enough, with a double row of handsome gilt nails all the way round, handsome initials over the spot where the face would come, and a little inscription, doubtless setting forth in a handsome manner the virtues of the deceased party. The five hours which intervened between that discovery and daylight I passed in picturing to myself the features of the murdered—I had not a doubt of him or her having been murdered—and in estimating the chances of the return of the murderer to the red room. No sick man ever longed for the morning as I longed, and with the first faint streaks of dawn, I was standing, in my scanty drapery, by the side of my cousin's pillow. 'Richard, Richard,' cried I, 'there's murder in the house, and they've put the coffin under my bed in the red room.'

'Pooh, pooh, you little fool,' replied he; 'go back again; I'm the Mayor this year, and it's only the big box which the mace is kept in.'

Notwithstanding this constitutional weakness of mine, which has not much abated with years, the supernatural has still a wondrous charm for me, and I snatch a fearful joy from tales of ghosts and spectres. My happiest evenings—with the most miserable nights to follow—are spent, weekly, at a Society for the Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena, or, as some of the unbelieving have disrespectfully termed it, the Cock-and-Bull Club. We assemble every Friday, at seven o'clock. If the police were suddenly to break in upon our speculations, as we sit, thirteen in number, looking at one another, around a table with lighted candles, they would, I believe, proceed to collar and shake us, with a view of discovering who had swallowed the dice. No written accounts of apparitions are admitted, no published records of any such may be referred to, and it is essential that the narrators be in some sort personally acquainted with the matter of which they speak; it is not indispensable that the individual should have seen a ghost himself—although more than one of our society have been highly favoured in that way—so that the *narratio obliqua*, so popular with the historians of a dead language, is the general form amongst us, too, of our communications from without the world.

I rarely speak much myself, but listen—as may be imagined—with the most voracious attention. The three members of our society who interest me most are Heywood, Wilkinson, and Arnold. The nature of their relations is commonly as different as

their respective characters, and for that reason—rather than because of any peculiar wonder belonging to them—I will repeat, in brief, the three with which they favoured us last night.

Heywood, who is the son of a dean, possesses, with the exception of the emoluments, all the popular attributes of that dignitary: he is stout, and rosy about the gills; takes several glasses of port during the little supper which concludes our spiritual investigations; and, by some means or other, it always happens that he obtains possession of the only arm-chair in the room. There is a matter-of-fact-ness, and absence of any care for effect about what he has to say, which I love to listen to—while it makes my blood run cold—on account of its obvious truth.

I. 'My father,' said he last night, 'was, as most of you are aware, before he was made a dean, the vicar of Tredlington. The vicarage-house was a small one; and to it and to residences of the like humble kind I had been exclusively accustomed up to the age of fourteen years. I knew nothing of panelled oak chambers, secret staircases, passages in the thickness of a wall, and all the machinery of romantic discomfort, except through books. Tredlington—where I had the dream which I am about to relate—was not in the least degree allied to Udolpho; and yet the dream I dreamed there was just such a one as dear old Mrs Radcliffe might have had herself after a pork-supper. I dreamed that some half-an-hour before dinner, and immediately after the bell had rung for dressing, my cousin—a lad of the same age, who was then stopping with me—had mischievously locked me up alone in the drawing-room, and there left me. Anxious not to displease my father by being late, and not daring to leap out of either of the windows—which were on the first floor—I strove, in my dream, to find some other mode of egress. There were several large pictures hanging up on the walls—quite strange to me, but which, as is usual in such cases, produced no astonishment—and pushing these aside, one after another, I found behind the last on the east wall a flight of little stairs, which led, to my great joy, up into my own bedroom.'

I told this dream to the whole breakfast-party the next morning, when this and that solution of it were given; but although the impression still remained, doubtless, in my mind, no circumstance arose for several years to cause me to refer to it. I was a young man of about one-and-twenty, and at college, when my father's elevation to the deanery of Donnington took place. This same cousin of mine was my fellow-student, and accompanied me, at the vacation, on my first visit to the fine old cloistered place which I was proud to be able to call my future home. A little banter upon this pardonable vanity of mine, assisted by the high spirits of youth, brought on between us what is popularly termed "a scrimmage;" and my father happening to be out just at the particular time of our arrival, although it was nearly the dinner-hour, my cousin playfully pushed me by the shoulders into the new drawing-room, and locked the door behind me. At that instant the dinner-bell rang; in the next, I recognised completely the room of my dream—which in reality, of course, I had never before set eyes on—and walked to the last great picture which hung on the eastern wall, for a means of egress, as naturally as I should have walked to the door. Behind the picture was a secret stair leading into the chamber which had been set apart for my reception, and I very much astonished the servant who brought up my trunks by appearing therein through a sliding panel. Neither he nor my father, nor any one else in the house, had the least idea that such a mode of communication existed. They had never dreamed of such a thing, they said, in all their lives. Why I did so myself, I have not the least idea; I have witnesses,

however, enough and to spare, to prove the facts. As for the secret staircase, if any of this company will do me the honour to come down to Donnington, they shall lock me into the drawing-room, even after the first dinner-bell has rung, as often as ever they please.

Arnold is the youngest and latest-joined of the society, but notwithstanding—or perhaps I should say, by reason of—that circumstance, he is the most enthusiastic of us all. He told us, after Heywood had finished, the following story in a quiet undertone, such as the brook sings in 'to the sleeping woods, all night, in the leafy month of June,' and with eyes that looked through and through us while he spoke, as upon some strange uncanny sight beyond.

II. 'My father was left a widower in his first year of marriage, his wife having died in childbirth with us twins—myself and my brother George, whom some of you have mistaken at times, you know, for me. My poor mother herself had been also one of twins. For a few months after her death, her two sisters stayed in my father's house to comfort him and look after us children. I was, however, soon put out to nurse, and George only remained at home. He slept in the same room with his two aunts. I had been from home about a week or so, when Aunt Susan, on awaking about midnight, found her sister out of bed, and walking about the room. She knew Maria suffered from "a raging tooth," so merely informed her where the laudanum was, and went to sleep again. Next night, as the two sisters were undressing, Susan said: "Be sure to put the bottle so that you will know where to find it, and not run the risk of catching your death of cold, as you did last night."

"I had not the toothache last night, and never left my bed at all," replied Maria.

"Then you must have done it in your sleep, for I saw you up as plainly as I ever saw you in my life." So, with mutual recrimination and denial, they retired to rest.

Again Susan was awakened, and again she saw her sister pacing about the room.

"Maria, come to rest," said she; "the fire is out, and the cold will only increase the pain."

Her sister turned a pale face towards her, with an indescribably sorrowful and touching expression, but said nothing. Susan, thinking her to be seriously ill, was about to leave the bed, when, to her extreme astonishment, she perceived Maria fast asleep beside her.

'It was my dead mother, then—the very image of her living twin-sister—whom she had looked upon those two nights. Susan fainted with excess of fear, and did not waken her bedfellow till after dawn, when nothing unusual was to be observed. She told, however, all she had seen; and Maria, who was much the bolder of the two, promised to keep vigil next night, upon condition that my father was not to be informed of the matter, which she knew would distress him greatly. She attributed the thing herself to fancy and a disordered system. That night, then, they both watched; and when they had been in bed some time, they heard the front-door of the cottage open—my mother had been accustomed in her lifetime to carry, for convenience, a latch-key—and a well-known gentle footstep pass up the stairs and go into my father's room. Presently their own chamber-door opened, and dressed in a white garment betwixt bed-gown and dressing-gown, their dead sister glided in. She gave them an appealing, almost reproachful look, and then turned to the little cradle where her baby-boy was sleeping, and stooped down as if to kiss it. Once again she seemed to beseech them dumbly, and left the room with a slow noiseless tread. It was some minutes before they dared to speak. Maria longed to address the spirit, but her tongue clove to the roof of her

mouth. In the morning they asked my father whether he had seen any strange sight or no.

"I saw nothing unusual," he replied; but when they told him all, he confessed, not without some effort: "And I, too, for these last ten days have seen her every midnight. I hear the key in the front-door; her tread upon the landing as of old; but her face, as she stands by my bed-foot, seems worn and piteous, and I know she has some grief she may not tell. I have spoken to her many times, but she does not answer me. I know not what to do."

'After some more conversation, a sudden thought flashed upon my father's mind; and, saddling his horse himself, he rode off at full speed to the town about ten miles off, where I had been intrusted to a respectable nurse. In that short interval which I had passed away from home, he found me shockingly altered; half-starved, and ill, and bruised. Another nurse was instantly obtained, who, however, remained at my own home with me. Never more was seen by mortal eye that messenger from the dead; the boundless love which had burst the barrier of death itself—the affection of a mother for her child—was never tried so terribly again.'

It is our custom to dilate upon and analyse every statement; those only which can stand a good deal of sifting are thought worthy to be enrolled in the records of the society, and unless to concern ourselves in such investigations at all is a proof of gullibility, we cannot certainly be said to be easily satisfied. Wilkinson cross-examined Arnold upon this story of his with his usual rough acuteness, but without at all shaking his evidence; it was impossible for any one who had heard the story to suppose that the narrator himself was otherwise than in earnest. There is a certain mystery and supernature about Wilkinson himself in our eyes, from the fact of his being a drysalter—the attributes of such a character being utterly unknown to and unimaginable by us—but otherwise he is very far from being an appropriate vehicle for a spiritual narration; it is marred the more by the circumstance of his always having a cigar between his teeth, the end of which wobbles against his tongue, and clips his English. The somewhat flippant manner of his relating the following occurrence will, it is likely, detract from its *vraisemblance*; but that it did really happen as described, I am well assured.

III. 'I have an elder sister who is married to a country gentleman in Sussex. She has been his wife these twenty years, and has had an abundance of children. The first governess of these children was a Miss Beauvais of Dunkirk. She was of a reserved and taciturn disposition, and although performing all her duties admirably, was rather respected by her pupils than beloved. She never looked quite like other people, and had an old-fashioned manner of dressing. In particular, she wore her sleeves very large at the shoulders—pillowed sleeves, as I think, they were then called. I have seen her many times, and remember her perfectly well; but one sight of her would have been quite sufficient for recollection. She was a very remarkable, a most extraordinary-looking person—very, indeed. (And here the drysalter took snuff profusely, as his custom is when more than usually pleonastic.) She had an ancient father who came every Christmas to take her home to Dunkirk for her few weeks' holiday—a wonderful Frenchman, quite silent, and all puckered about the lips like an umbrella. In my nieces' old drawing-books there are several sober and pretty accurate likenesses of him, which all resemble caricatures. Perhaps when they got away from the English folks, and the *père* and *filles* were alone together, they shed some natural tears; but their behaviour, as it seemed to me, was far from affectionate. I happened to be in Sussex when Monsieur Beauvais last came for his daughter. It

was an especially bitter winter twenty years ago, and that day was its coldest day. The earth was wrapped round in its white shroud very thickly, but no snow was falling. He had brought a little open carriage with him from the neighbouring town, because it ran lighter over the choked roads than a close one would have done. There was, therefore, but little room for Miss Beauvais's luggage.

'She had been accustomed on these journeys to take all her possessions away with her, and she was evidently much distressed on this occasion at having to leave some of them behind. Two large black boxes of hers were left, locked and well corded. "You will be sure to keep them safely, madame," she said to my sister; but she seemed to say it with a sigh of suspicion.

'We watched the two stiff figures drive slowly along the leafless avenue and over the white hill-top beyond. "A strange pair," we remarked, and soon forgot them both, as governesses and governesses' fathers are apt to be forgotten. On the two black boxes was written, in that infinitesimally small handwriting of hers, that it was *defendu* to open them under any pretext. It was evident that the poor lady mistrusted the honour of perfidious Albion.

'We read soon afterwards, in the newspaper—as soon, that is, as the newspaper of that time, and in such snowy days, could reach us—that the Dunkirk sailing-packet, in which we knew they had intended to take passage, was lost with every soul on board. Nevertheless, in hope that something might have deranged their plans, we made every effort to ascertain their fate. Repeated letters to the continent obtained no answer; and, indeed, Miss Beauvais had often affirmed that she had no friend upon earth, except her father. Moreover, the clerk in the packet-office described the two singular persons, who had paid for berths in the doomed ship, with an accuracy that left no room for doubt. Years rolled away—ten, fifteen, twenty years (the drysalter here took at least half an ounce more snuff than he could conveniently carry), and their deaths became a certainty. The few small bills which Miss Beauvais had left behind her, had long been settled by my sister; but there was one somewhat large one which still continued undischarged—a milliner's. The governess's pupils grew up and had governesses for their own children; the servants of the house had departed or died; there was no one about the place beside my sister and her husband who remembered poor Miss Beauvais, or knew whose these black boxes were, that were piled one upon the other, put away in the old lumber-closet up stairs.'

'May I be allowed,' observed the drysalter at this point, 'to deviate from the society's rules so far as to read a portion of my sister's letter relating to this matter, and received but yesterday morning?'

Leave having been granted by universal acclamation, he read as follows:

'We drove to Loughborough last Monday to Miss Davies', the milliner, and while making my purchases, she observed to me: "By the by, madam, can there still be any hope of poor Miss Beauvais being alive, or must I consider those few pounds she owes me to be a bad debt?"

'I was distressed at having put off the matter so long, and paid her at once, observing that I would have the boxes opened which had been left with us these twenty years, to see whether their contents were worth anything. On our way home, I communicated this intention to Frederic, who approved of it. There was no servant in the pony-carriage to overhear us; and I am certain that neither of us mentioned the matter subsequently. We sat down to dinner within half an hour after we had got home. In the middle of it, and during a conversation about the new green-

house, Lucy—the maid who came to me last autumn, if you remember—rushed into the dining-room quite white, and trembling excessively. She could not speak at first for terror; but I sent Frederic and the man-servant out of the room, and contrived to comfort her.

"I have seen such a strange lady, ma'am," she whispered; "she has no business here, I'm sure. I wonder I had strength to get away from the lumber-garret."

"What is she like?" asked I as quietly as I could.

"Like nobody I ever saw in my life, ma'am—with hard gray eyes like stones, and in the strangest dress; very large and puffed out above the sleeves. She was sitting on the old black boxes that are piled up in the corner, with the foreign direction upon them."

'I tried to quiet the girl, who began to sob afresh, and to convince her that it was all fancy; and Frederic spoke to her also. She was not, however, to be shaken in the least, and I firmly believe that she has seen Miss Beauvais. Frederic has promised me, upon his honour, that so long as I live those boxes shall never be opened.'

'But I have not promised,' added the drysalter in conclusion; 'and I am going down to-morrow into Sussex to see what can be done.'

For my part, I should like extremely to see what is in these boxes, but not unless the disclosure was made by daylight, and at somebody else's risk.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ANATOMIST.

A GREAT deal of discussion is now taking place in London and elsewhere as to the best methods of educating young men for the medical profession. Of course doctors differ on this as on most other subjects, but on one point they are all agreed—namely, that all scientific medicine and surgery has anatomy for its basis, and that without a good knowledge of the structure of the body, a man can no more be a safe medical practitioner than a house can be a safe dwelling without a foundation. Now, this anatomical knowledge can be acquired only in one way, and that is by the actual examination of the different parts of the body, and by spending days, months, and years in the dissecting-room, till the student of anatomy not only masters the details, but at last even *thinks* anatomically, and can with little effort apply his practical experience to the treatment of injuries or diseases.

Notwithstanding all this, the prejudice against dissection has been and is so strong, as either to make men content with a mere smattering of anatomy, or drive them into the most terrible and degrading means of obtaining material for investigation. The Druids themselves are cited as adopting this alternative, they having been not only the priests and judges, but also the physicians of a superstitious people—to whom they prescribed a human sacrifice as necessary for the recovery of their health, the priests themselves being the operators. 'Would it not,' says Portal, 'be natural to conclude, that the Druids only laid the favour of their divinities at such a price to obtain opportunities for dissection, which under other circumstances would have rendered them the objects of public execration?'

No doubt *Æsculapius* did his best to learn anatomy from the bodies of animals, and probably had now and then a quiet post-mortem examination of a human subject, with his two sons, *Machaon* and *Podalirius*. The eldest, who was not only a good surgeon, but a famous warrior, crept into the wooden horse with the rest of them, and got his shoulder cut open in a sortie of the Trojans; and *Podalirius*, who was also at Troy, had the good-luck on his way home to be cast by a storm on the shores of Caria, where there happened to

be just at that moment a fine opening for a medical man: for the king's daughter, Syrna, had just tumbled from the top of the house—palaces in those days being probably not very high. Podalirius having bled her royal highness in both arms, she recovered; fell in love with her doctor; they were married, and as she had the Chersonese for her dowry, Podalirius retired from practice. This is the first mention we have of bleeding, and was probably the result of certain anatomical advantages afforded by the great slaughter of heroes under the walls of Troy. At that time, surgical knowledge was handed down from father to son, and was almost entirely confined to the Asclepiades, who established medical schools in Rhodes, Cos, and Cnidos. Galen says they studied anatomy, the fathers accustoming their children from infancy to dissect animals; but when we consider that they were in the frequent practice of reducing dislocations and fractures, and removing tumours, it is impossible not to believe that they took some more direct road to the necessary knowledge than cutting up sheep and pigs, though undoubtedly they had the advantage of the accumulated experience of the family.

Homer evidently knew the anatomy of man. Look at his description of Ulysses hitting the Cyclops close to where the vena cava perforates the diaphragm, and dividing the ligament of the liver. Alcmeon, a disciple of Pythagoras, was the first dissector even of animals out of the family of the Asclepiades; there are none of his writings extant, though Galen and Aristotle allude to his researches. Democritus, another disciple of Pythagoras, ambitious of advancement in philosophy, having travelled through Chaldaea, Persia, and Egypt, at last came home, and settled down to study practical anatomy. With this view, he frequented the tombs, examined the bones of his fathers, and cut up animals. His cynical manners were probably assumed to insure solitude; and his works, or those attributed to him, shew that he made good use of his time and materials. But he grew weary of life and anatomy when about a hundred years old, and gradually starved himself to death. He postponed the melancholy event for a few days, at the urgent request of his sister, who said that his premature death would prevent her from attending some approaching festivals, and besought him to wait till she had her amusement over decently.

In the first year of the eightieth Olympiad, Hippocrates was born in the island of Cos. He was of the eighteenth generation in direct descent from Æsculapius. He has left proofs of patient study of anatomy. After his day, little was done till about the end of the third century *n.c.*, when Erasistratus, a native of the island of Ceos, shewed himself a bold and vigorous anatomist. He was the first to dissect dead *human* bodies, and to avow openly that he did so. His predecessors only confessed to studying the dried bones found in the tombs, declaring that they learned the anatomy of the soft parts from animals; but Erasistratus pooh-poohed all this, got Seleucus Nicanor and Antiochus Soter to let him have the bodies of criminals after execution; and occasionally some poor wretch was given to him alive, to be put to a lingering death under his relentless scalpel. Erasistratus made many discoveries; among others, the vessels called lacteals. His works have been lost; but the references to them scattered through the writings of Galen and others, shew what an advance anatomy made from even one man's being allowed fair opportunities of study. About this time, also, Herophilus was at work in Carthage, and seems, under the reign of Ptolemy Soter, to have been allowed the same horrible privileges as Erasistratus in Ceos. He, likewise, made many discoveries, and the names he gave them are still in use. Fallopius, the great

professor in Padua, 1561 *A.D.*, said, that 'contradicting Herophilus in an anatomical statement, seemed to him like contradicting the Gospel.' Notwithstanding the bright examples of the two ancients last named, practical anatomy again fell into disuse, and we find, so late as 108 *A.D.*, the Emperor Adrian getting a very incorrect account of the situation of the heart from Archigenus, who was then practising medicine and surgery in Rome, after having been physician to the king of Syria. The old prejudices were at work again, and Quintus, one of the most expert anatomists of his time, was driven from Rome on the pretext that he killed his patients. Rufus, the Ephesian, too, in the second century of the Christian era—a most careful anatomical writer—is now obliged to tell his pupils that they must endeavour to obtain for dissection that animal which is most like man—adding, no doubt with a sigh for the good old days, that 'of old they demonstrated anatomy upon *human* bodies.' What would surgery then have done but for the bountiful legacy bequeathed by Erasistratus and Herophilus!

In 131, in the fifteenth year of Adrian's reign, Galen was born in Pergamum, famous for its temple of Æsculapius. Galen wrote a book on anatomy, advising his pupils to dissect apes as the best means to be obtained for improving their knowledge, for he could get no bodies save those of children left exposed by their parents, or of persons found murdered in the fields; and even those he was forced to dissect with all the care and secrecy which was possible. No skeleton even was allowed to be kept, and people had to betake themselves to the tombs for osteological studies, as in the days of Democritus; for after the civil wars in the time of Marius and Sylla, there was a law passed at Rome forbidding any use to be made of dead bodies.

It is clear, from Galen's anatomical descriptions, that he knew the anatomy of man. He probably paid handsomely for the waifs and strays of humanity which were brought secretly to him, and we cannot suppose his purveyors were more scrupulous than in later times.

About the end of the fourth century, we find Nemesius, a bishop in Phœnicia, investigating the structure and functions of the liver. He *very nearly* hit on the true theory of the circulation of the blood.

In the sixth century, Procopius lived. He was a historian as well as a surgeon, and his writings give one a good idea of how surgery and practical anatomy had degenerated. He mentions that Artabazus, king of Persia, died of a wound of the carotid artery, the bleeding from which could not be stopped; and that the Emperor Trajan, being wounded by a dart above the right eye, the point of the weapon remaining in the wound, he, Procopius, not knowing what course it might take, left it alone. After a residence of *five years* in his imperial majesty's head, it came out of its own accord, and recovery was complete.

The Arabian physicians have been a good deal talked about; but what progress could people make in practical anatomy whose religion forbade their touching a dead body? They merely plagiarised from the Greek authors whose works they had preserved from the general destruction of the Alexandrian library in 640.

Rhases, whose real name was Abubecker Mohammed, was born in 996, at Rag, which was then the largest town in Persia; he had the reputation of being the first physician of his time. Passing one day through the streets of Cordova, and seeing a crowd collected, he inquired the cause—a man had died suddenly. Rhases obtained a bundle of sticks, which he distributed among the bystanders, and keeping one to himself, desired them to follow his example. With great solemnity he beat the dead corpse all over, but

especially on the soles of the feet. In a quarter of an hour the dead man began to move, and the people shouted at the miracle, while Rhases remounted his mule and ambled quietly on his road; henceforth, he was always believed to have the power of restoring the dead to life. Although he was no anatomist himself, he attached great importance to the science, for, when blinded by a cataract, he refused to allow the surgeon to operate on him as that practitioner could not enumerate the different tunics of the eye. The old physician added that he didn't much mind, however, not recovering his vision, as he 'had seen enough of this world to be disgusted with it.' Albucasis, who lived about 1085, insists upon a knowledge of anatomy as necessary for a surgeon, and some anatomical plates are attributed to him. The wars which convulsed Europe in the thirteenth century were prejudicial to all scientific pursuits, and practical anatomy was at a very low ebb. At the end of the century, however, Mundinus was born in Milan, and professed anatomy there in 1315; he was a zealous active man, and infused some vigour into anatomical teaching. It is rather mortifying at this time to find the medical profession represented in Britain by John of Gadesden, who graduated at Oxford in 1320, and devoted his life to flattering great ladies and cheating great fools. He had secret remedies for every disease, and made a large fortune by selling plaster of frogs to the barbers. There was little anatomical knowledge then in England, and people therefore were at the mercy of such charlatans as the author of the *Rosa Anglica*.

Let us skip over a hundred years to 1543, when Andrew Vesalius, rejecting the law, adheres lovingly to his hereditary profession—that of medicine. He devoted himself especially to anatomy, studied in Paris; and, determined to obtain subjects, used to make nocturnal raids on the dead-houses and churchyards. He published, at twenty-eight years of age, a splendid work on human anatomy, and dared to expose the errors of Galen, greatly to the indignation of his contemporaries. In spite of slander and opposition, he established anatomy on solid and lasting foundations, which nothing has since disturbed. The Emperor Charles V. made him his first physician, and he was at the height of professional glory when he met with this mishap—he opened the body of a young Spanish gentleman who had died under his care; the heart, on being exposed, was found still pulsating, and the young man's parents denounced Vesalius to the Inquisition. That terrible tribunal was about to punish him, when Philip II., king of Spain, induced the judges to allow him to expiate his crime by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He proceeded to Jerusalem, from which place he was recalled about 1564 by the senate of Venice, to succeed Fallopius as professor in Padua. But upon his voyage home, Vesalius was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and, reduced to the last extremes of want and misery, died of hunger in the fiftieth year of his age.

After him come a noble list of practical anatomists; but, if we continued to trace them down to our own day, we should find the same old story repeated over and over again. Men who have the surgical gift strong within them, feel a necessity for anatomical dissection, which they will obtain material for by some means or other—one man probably calling a half-dissected baby an ape; another, hardening his heart till it not only becomes indifferent to public opinion, but to the sufferings of his living subjects; and, at the best of times, a sufficing knowledge of anatomy confined to one or two bold and unscrupulous men-students.

Until a very few years ago, anatomical teachers were at the mercy of the ruffians of whatever

neighbourhood the medical school they lectured at happened to be in—men who provided a precarious supply of subjects for dissection, at a great expense and at their own caprice; who alternated body-snatching with burglary; and when too idle for either of these estimable pursuits, levied a black-mail on their unhappy patrons, cheating the latter cleverly being the glory of a resurrection-man's heart. A lecturer in Edinburgh had one day a subject brought to him in a sack; he had concluded the bargain, and was counting out the money, when the subject sneezed—the resurrectionists rushed away, leaving Mr — to empty the sack of its contents, which had by this time begun to swear vehemently. The subject was the smallest of the gang, who, being very drunk, was thought a suitable piece of property to raise a little money on. It was hoped of course that the quieting effects of the toddy previously imbibed would continue till his friends got out of the way with the cash.

In those days, persons who had buried a near relative, would watch nightly for weeks by the grave—would bury heavy iron cages over the coffin, and take every precaution the mind of man could devise; and yet any one who would give the price asked, could obtain not only bodies, but the body they chose to specify. In the great medical schools of London and Edinburgh, the demand far exceeded the supply afforded by the resurrectionists, and a new style of ruffian, without the courage and cleverness of his predecessors, came forward with bodies said to have been obtained from friends of the deceased. In this country, friends selling dead relatives is a thing never heard of; and the astute janitors of the Edinburgh medical schools knew this. It was long, therefore, before Burke and Hare could find a purchaser for their first victim; but the furious competition among the teachers of anatomy at last overcame all scruples. At the same time, Bishop and his friends were drowning miserable outcasts in a well at the back of their house near Drury Lane, and selling them to the highest bidder. Things are somewhat better now, but still the supply is singularly deficient. It depends upon the unclaimed bodies of those dying in charitable institutions, which having, of course, to be buried at the expense of the public, are left for six weeks with the teachers of anatomy for anatomical investigation. At the end of six weeks, they are replaced in the coffins they come in, and are decently buried. All the time they are in the hands of the anatomists, they are carefully preserved, and no true student forgets the honour due to human dust. The sums paid by students for the privilege of examining—they must not carry away a particle—vary in different schools. In Edinburgh it is much less than in London; but it is never more than is barely enough to cover the necessary expenses.

Owing to the scanty supply, students are in numbers driven from the English and Scotch schools to Paris, weary with waiting for 'parts'; and every now and then there appears in the papers a denunciation of some poor enthusiast, who, urged on by the same craving as Galen and Vesalius, helps himself when the opportunity offers.

The anatomical knowledge which surgeons should possess, consists in their knowing the appearance and feeling of the tissues of the body, so that the eye or the finger may go instinctively to the right place, the knife be applied with just the right amount of pressure, and no more, and so important parts be carefully avoided. It is this knowledge alone which enables the surgeon to plan beforehand the steps of some dangerous operation, to go through them with a placid mind and an unflinching hand, and to complete the proceeding, horrible as it must be even when

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most perfectly performed, with honour to himself and advantage to his patient.

And if society throws this grave responsibility on one class of its members, it is surely the duty of those who govern society to provide adequate means for supplying this great want in medical education.

LOVE IN THE CLOUDS.

'AND this is the fellow that wants to marry my daughter! A pretty fool I should be to give Annie to a coward like him!' So shouted honest Master Joss, the sacristan of the cathedral of Vienna, as he stood in the public room of the 'Adam and Eve' inn, and looked after the angry retreating figure of Master Ottkar, the head-mason.

As he spoke, an honest young gardener, named Gabriel, entered; and for a moment the youth's handsome face flushed high, as he thought the sacristan's words were directed at him. For it was the old, old story. Gabriel and Annie had played together and loved each other before they knew the meaning of the word love; and when, a few months before, they had found it out, and Gabriel proposed to make Annie his wife, her father rejected him with scorn. The young gardener had little to offer besides an honest heart and a pair of industrious hands, while Master Ottkar, the mason, had both houses and money. To him, then, sorely against her will, was the pretty Annie promised; and poor Gabriel kept away from the sacristan's pleasant cottage, manfully endeavouring to root out his love while exterminating the weeds in his garden. But somehow it happened that, although the docks and thistles withered and died, that other pertinacious plant, clinging and twining like the wild convolvulus, grew and flourished, nurtured, perchance, by an occasional distant glimpse of sweet Annie's pale cheek and drooping form.

So matters stood, when one day, as Gabriel was passing through a crowded street, a neighbour hailed him:

'Great news, my boy! glorious news! Our Leopold has been chosen emperor at Frankfort. Long live the House of Austria! He is to make his triumphal entry here in a day or two. Come with me to the "Adam and Eve," and we will drink his health, and hear all about it.'

In spite of his dejection, Gabriel would have been no true son of Vienna if he had refused this invitation; and waving his cap in sympathy with his comrade's enthusiasm, he hastened with him to the inn.

We have already seen how the unexpected appearance and more unexpected words of Master Joss met him on his entrance. In the height of his indignation, the sacristan did not observe Gabriel, and continued in the same tone:

'I declare, I'd give this moment full and free permission to woo and win my daughter to any honest young fellow who would wave the banner in my stead—ay, and think her well rid of that cowardly mason.'

From time immemorial, it had been the custom in Vienna, whenever the emperor made a triumphal entry, for the sacristan of the cathedral to stand on the very pinnacle of the highest tower, and wave a banner while the procession passed. But Master Joss was old, stiff, and rheumatic, and such an exploit would have been quite as much out of his line as dancing on a tight-rope. It was therefore needful for him to provide a substitute; and it never occurred to him that his intended son-in-law, who professed such devotion to his interests, and whose daily occupation obliged him to climb to dizzy heights, and

stand on slender scaffolding, could possibly object to take his place.

What, then, was his chagrin and indignation when, on broaching the matter that afternoon to Master Ottkar, he was met by a flat and not over-courteous refusal! The old man made a hasty retort; words ran high, and the parting volley, levelled at the retreating mason, we have already reported.

'Would you, dear Master Joss, would you indeed do so? Then, with the help of Providence, I'll wave the banner for you as long as you please from the top of St Stephen's tower.'

'You, Gabriel?' said the old man, looking at him as kindly as he was wont to do in former days. 'My poor boy! you never could do it; you, a gardener, who never has had any practice in climbing.'

'Ah, now you want to draw back from your word!' exclaimed the youth, reddening. 'My head is steady enough; and if my heart is heavy, why, it was you who made it so. Never mind, Master Joss. Only promise me, on the word of an honest man, that you'll not interfere any more with Annie's free choice, and you may depend on seeing the banner of our emperor, whom may Heaven long preserve! wave gloriously on the old pinnacle.'

'I will, my brave lad; I do promise, in the presence of all these honest folks, that Annie shall be yours!' said the sacristan, grasping Gabriel's hand with one of his, while he wiped his eyes with the back of the other.

'One thing I have to ask you,' said the young man, 'that you will keep this matter a secret from Annie. She'd never consent; she'd say I was tempting Providence; and who knows whether the thought of her displeasure might not make my head turn giddy, just when I want it to be most firm and collected.'

'No fear of her knowing it, for I have sent her on a visit to her aunt two or three miles in the country.'

'And why did you send her from home, Master Joss?'

'Because the sight of her pale face and weeping eyes troubled me; because I was vexed with her; because, to tell you the truth, I was vexed with myself. Gabriel, I was a hard-hearted old fool, I see it now. And I was very near destroying the happiness of my only remaining child; for my poor boy Arnold, your old friend and school-fellow, Gabriel, has been for years in foreign parts, and we don't know what has become of him. But now, please God, Annie at least will be happy, and you shall marry her, my lad, as soon after the day of the procession as you and she please. There's my hand on it.'

There was not a happier man that evening within the precincts of Vienna than Gabriel the gardener, although he well knew that he was attempting a most perilous enterprise, and one as likely as not to result in his death. He made all necessary arrangements in case of that event, especially in reference to the comfort of an only sister who lived with him, and whom he was careful to keep in ignorance of his intended venture. This done, he resigned himself to dream all night of tumbling from terrific heights, and all day of his approaching happiness. Meanwhile, Ottkar swallowed his chagrin as he best might, and kept aloof from Master Joss; but he might have been seen holding frequent and secret communications with Lawrence, a man who assisted the sacristan in the care of the church.

The day of the young emperor's triumphal entry arrived. He was not expected to reach Vienna before evening; and at the appointed hour the sacristan embraced Gabriel, and giving him the banner of the House of Austria, gorgeously embroidered, said: 'Now, my boy, up in God's name! Follow Lawrence; he'll guide you safely to the top of the spire, and afterwards assist you in coming down.'

Five hundred and fifty steps to the top of the tower! Mere child's play—the young gardener flew them up with a joyous step. Then came two hundred wooden stairs over the clock-tower and belfry; then five steep ladders up the narrow pinnacle. Courage! A few more bold steps—half an hour of peril—then triumph, reward, the priest's blessing, and the joyful 'Yes!' before the altar. Ah, how heavy was the banner to drag upwards—how dark the strait, stony shaft! Hold, there is the trap-door. Lawrence, and an assistant who accompanied him, pushed Gabriel through.

'That's it!' cried Lawrence; 'you'll see the iron steps and the clamps to hold on by outside—only keep your head steady. When 'tis your time to come down, hail us, and we'll throw you a rope-ladder with hooks. Farewell!' As he said these words, Gabriel had passed through the trap-door, and with feet and hands clinging to the slender iron projections, felt himself hanging over a tremendous precipice, while the cold evening breeze ruffled his hair. He had still, burdened as he was with the banner, to steady himself on a part of the spire sculptured in the similitude of a rose, and then, after two or three daring steps still higher, to bstride the very pinnacle, and wave his gay gold flag.

'May God be merciful to me!' sighed the poor lad, as glancing downward on the busy streets, lying so far beneath, the whole extent of his danger flashed upon him. He felt so lonely, so utterly forsaken in that desert of the upper air, and the cruel wind strove with him, and struggled to wrest the heavy banner from his hand. 'Annie, Annie, 'tis for thee!' he murmured, and the sound of that sweet name nerved him to endurance. He wound his left arm firmly round the iron bar which supported the golden star, surmounted by a crescent, that served as a weather-cock, and with the right waved the flag, which flapped and rustled like the wing of some mighty bird of prey. The sky—how near it seemed—grew dark above his head, and the lights and bonfires glared upwards from the great city below. But the cries of rejoicing came faintly on his ear, until one long-continued shout, mingled with the sound of drums and trumpets, announced the approach of Leopold.

'Huzza! huzza! long live the emperor!' shouted Gabriel, and waved his banner proudly. But the deepening twilight and the dizzy height rendered him unseen and unheard by the busy crowd below.

The deep voice of the cathedral clock tolled the hour.

'Now my task is ended,' said Gabriel, drawing a deep sigh of relief, and shivering in the chilly breeze. 'Now I have only to get down and give the signal.'

More heedfully and slowly than he had ascended, he began his descent. Only once he looked upward to the golden star and crescent, now beginning to look colourless against the dark sky.

'Ha!' said he, 'doesn't it look now as if that heathenish Turk of a crescent were nodding and wishing me an evil "good-night?" Be quiet, Mohammed!'

A few courageous steps landed him once more amid the petals of the gigantic sculptured rose, which offered the best, indeed the only coigne of vantage for his feet to rest on.

He furled his banner tightly together, and shouted: 'Hollo, Lawrence! Albert! here! throw me up the ladder and the hooks.'

No answer.

More loudly and shrilly did Gabriel reiterate the call.

Not a word, not a stir below.

'Holy Virgin! can they have forgotten me? Or have they fallen asleep?' cried the poor fellow aloud;

and the sighing wind seemed to answer like a mocking demon.

'What shall I do? What will become of me?'

Now enveloped in darkness, he dared not stir one hairbreadth to the right or to the left. A painful sensation of tightness came across his chest, and his soul grew bitter within him.

'They have left me here of set purpose,' he muttered through his clenched teeth. 'The torches below will shine on my crushed body.'

Then, after a moment:

'No, no; the sacristan could not find it in his heart; men born of woman could not do it. They will come; they must come.'

But when they did not come, and the pitiless darkness thickened around him, so that he could not see his hand, his death-anguish grew to the pitch of insanity.

'God!' he cried, 'the emperor will not suffer such barbarity. Noble Leopold, help! One word from you would save me.'

But the cold night-wind, blowing ominously around the tower, seemed to answer:

'Here I alone am emperor, and this is my domain.'

While this was passing, two men stood conversing together at the corner of a dark street, aloof from the rejoicing crowd.

'Haven't I managed it well?' asked one.

'Yes; he'll never reach the ground alive, unless the sacristan'—

'O no, the old man is too busy with his son, who came home unexpectedly an hour ago. He'll never think of that fool Gabriel until'—

'Until 'tis too late. How did you get rid of Albert?'

'By telling him that Master Joss had undertaken to go himself, and fetch the gardener down. The trap-door is fast, and no one within call. But I think, Master Ottkar, you and I may as well keep out of the way till the fellow has dropped down, like a ripe apple from the stem.'

And so the two villains took their way down a narrow street, and appeared no more that night.

Meantime, a dark shadowy fiend sat on one of the leaves of the sculptured rose, and hissed in Gabriel's ear: 'Renounce thy salvation, and I will bring thee down in safety.'

'May God preserve me from such sin,' cried the poor lad, shuddering.

'Or only promise to give me your Annie, and I'll save you.'

'Will you hold your tongue, you wicked spirit?'

'Or just say that you'll make me a present of your first-born child, and I'll bear you away as softly as if you were floating on down.'

'Avaunt, Satan! I'll have nothing to do with gentlemen who wear horns and a tail!' cried Gabriel manfully.

The clock tolled again, and the gardener, aroused by the sound and vibration, perceived that he had been asleep. Yes, he had actually slumbered, standing on that dizzy point, suspended over that fearful abyss.

'Am I really here?' he asked himself, as he awoke; 'or is it all a frightful dream that I have had while lying in my bed?'

A cold shudder passed through his frame, followed by a burning heat, and he grasped the pinnacle with a convulsive tightness. A voice seemed to whisper in his ear:

'Fool! this is death, that unknown anguish which no man shall escape. Anticipate the moment, and throw thyself down.'

'Must I, then, die?' murmured Gabriel, while the cold sweat started from his brow. 'Must I die while

life is so pleasant? O Annie, Annie! pray for me; the world is so beautiful, and life is so sweet.'

Then it seemed as if soft white wings floated above and around him, while a gentle voice whispered:

'Awake, awake! The night is far spent, the day is at hand. Look up, and be comforted.'

Wrapped in the banner, whose weight helped to preserve his equilibrium, Gabriel still held on with his numbed arm, and, with a sensation almost of joy, watched the first dawn lighting up the roofs of the city.

Far below, in the sacristan's dwelling, the old man sat, fondly clasping the hand of a handsome sunburnt youth, his long-lost son Arnold, who had sat by his side the livelong night, recounting the adventures which had befallen him in foreign lands, without either father or son feeling the want of sleep.

At length Arnold said:

'I am longing to see Annie, father. I daresay she has grown a fine girl. How is my friend Gabriel, who used to be so fond of her when we were all children together?'

The sacristan sprang from his seat.

'Gabriel! Holy Virgin! I had quite forgotten him.'

A rapid explanation followed. Master Joss and his son hastened towards the cathedral, and met Albert on their way.

'Where is Gabriel?' cried the sacristan.

'I don't know; I have not seen him since he climbed through the trap-door.'

'But who helped him down?'

'Why, you yourself, of course,' replied Albert, with a look of astonishment. 'Lawrence told me, when we came down, that you had undertaken to do it.'

'Oh, the villains, the double-dyed scoundrels! Now I understand it all,' groaned the old man.

'Quick! Arnold, Albert! Come, for the love of God; look up, look up to the spire.'

Arnold rushed towards the square, and his keen eye, accustomed to look out at great distances at sea, discerned through the gray, uncertain morning twilight something fluttering on the spire.

'Tis he! It must be he, still living.'

'O God!' cried Master Joss, 'where are my keys? O that we may not be too late.'

The keys were found in the old man's pocket; and all three, rushing through the cathedral-gate, darted up the stairs, the sacristan, in the dread excitement of the moment, moving as swiftly as his young companions.

Albert, knowing the trick of the trap-door, went through it first.

'Call out to him, lad!' exclaimed Master Joss.

A breathless pause.

'I hear nothing stirring,' said Albert, 'nor can I see anything from this. I'll climb over the rose.'

Bravely did he surmount the perilous projection; and after a few moments of intense anxiety, he reappeared at the trap-door.

'There certainly is a figure standing on the rose, but 'tisn't Gabriel—'tis a ghost!'

'A ghost! you dreaming dunderhead,' shouted Arnold. 'Let me up.' And he began to climb with the agility of a cat.

Presently he called out: 'Come on, come on, as far as you can. I have him, thank God! But quick; time is precious.'

Speedily and deftly they gave him aid; and at length, a half-unconscious figure, still wrapped in the banner, was brought down in safety.

They bore him into the 'Adam and Eve,' laid him in a warm bed, and poured by degrees a little wine down his throat. Under this treatment, he soon recovered his consciousness, and began to thank his

deliverers. Suddenly his eye fell on a mirror hanging on the wall opposite the bed, and he exclaimed:

'Wipe the hoar-frost off my hair, and that yellow dust off my cheeks!'

In truth, his curled locks were white, his rosy cheeks yellow and wrinkled, and his bright eyes dim and sunken; but neither dust nor hoar-frost was there to wipe away—that one night of horror had added forty years to his age!

In the course of that day, numbers who had heard of Gabriel's adventure crowded to the inn and sought to see him, but none were admitted save the three who sat continually by his bedside—his weeping young sister, the brave Arnold, and Master Joss, the most unhappy of all; for his conscience ceased not to say, in a voice that *would* be heard: 'You alone are the cause of all this.' By way of a little self-comfort, the sacristan used to exclaim at intervals: 'If I only had hold of that Lawrence! If I once had that Ottkar by the throat!' But both worthies kept carefully out of sight; nor were they ever again seen in the fair city of Vienna.

'Ah!' said Gabriel towards evening, 'tis all over between me and Annie. She would shudder at the sight of an old wrinkled gray-haired fellow like me.'

No one answered. His sister hid her face on the pillow, while her bright ringlets mingled with his poor gray locks; and Arnold's handsome face grew very sad as he thought—'The poor fellow is right; there are few things that young girls dislike more than gray hairs and yellow wrinkles.'

'I have one request to make of you all, dear friends,' said Gabriel, painfully raising himself on his couch—'do not let Annie know a word of this. Write to her that I am dead, and she'll mind it less, I think; then I'll go into the forest, and let the wolves eat me if they will. I want to save her from pain.'

'A fine way, indeed, to save Annie from pain!' cried a well-known voice, while a light figure rushed towards the bed, and clasped the poor sufferer in a close and long embrace. 'My own true love! you were never more beautiful in my eyes than now. And pretend that you were dead! A likely story, while every child in Vienna is talking of nothing but my poor boy's adventure. And let yourself be eaten by wolves! No, no, Gabriel; you wouldn't treat your poor Annie so cruelly as that!'

A regular hail-storm of kisses followed; and it is said—how truly I know not—that somehow in the general *mêlée* Arnold's lips came into wonderfully close contact with the rosy ones of Gabriel's little sister. Certainly he was heard the next day to whisper into his friend's ear: 'A fair exchange is no robbery, my boy: I think if you take my sister, the least you can do is to give me yours.'

It does not appear that any objection was made in any quarter. Love and hope proved wonderful physicians; for although Gabriel's hair to the end of his life remained as white as snow, his cheeks and eyes, ere the wedding-day arrived, had resumed their former tint and brightness. A happy man was Master Joss on the day that he gave his blessing to the two young couples—the day when Gabriel's sore-tried love found its reward in the hand of his Annie.

THE ANARCHY OF DISTRUST.

THE late financial crisis leaves a dismal condition of affairs—there is universal distrust. Smarting under losses, or fearful of being involved in ruin, nobody will believe anything connected with joint-stock projects; and there is equal distrust in reports from directors of seemingly flourishing undertakings—a natural consequence of detected falsehood. So frequently have contractors and jobbers made erroneous

representations as to the probable cost of and returns from enterprises, that credit in statements of this kind, however plausible, is gone. The *Leviathan* is floating as a useless hulk for want of £220,000. The money would be forthcoming, if people were certain that that sum would be all that is wanted; but having no assurance of the fact, they will not subscribe the necessary funds. And so on with many other things.

Nearly all the railways of Great Britain have been got up on erroneous representations as to cost and probable returns. Engineers, solicitors, and others have to all appearance conspired to deceive the public. A railway is advertised to cost only a certain moderate sum, by which parties are induced to take shares. It turns out, however, that the thing cannot be done under a third or more capital in addition. This fresh capital has to be raised by means of preference shares, on which a high interest is guaranteed; and the end of it is, that so little is left to be divided among the original shareholders and their successors that their money may almost be said to be lost.

Now, great as are the benefits resulting from railways, it is somewhat too bad that the individuals making them are to be victimised, while those who stand aloof at their outset are to be the gainers. We would not go the length of saying that railway projectors have been deliberately dishonest. Their error, to call it so, consisted in taking far too sanguine a view not only of the primary outlay, but of working expenses, cost of plant, and money returns—every outlay understated, all probable returns overstated. Hence, prospective and promised profits of 5 or 6—even 8 or 10 per cent.—have almost universally dwindled down to 2½, 1½; in some notable cases, to nothing—the actual average being about £1, 12s. 6d. per cent. This is no small social evil. Immense sums have been mis-expended, causing much inconvenience, loss, and suffering. But worse than all is the distrust in everybody and everything created by the loose calculations of projectors, as well as the deceptions of directors; and it will be years before confidence is restored. Independently of all available means of redress for losses arising from grossly deceptive representations, it is pretty clear, as a writer in the *Times* has observed, that people have a remedy in their own hands; what that is, he briefly states as follows. 'If it were not for the laxity with which the public suffer themselves to regard the achievements of those who have acquired celebrity through the impoverishment of others, by practices which perhaps more capable but less presuming men would have declined to use, the evil would soon be mitigated. Let them remember that if a projector or contractor pleads that he has underestimated the task he bound himself to fulfil, it is tantamount to an avowal that he must have been either ignorant or unscrupulous. The great test of capacity in all cases, whether in the triumphs of war or science, lies in the power to foresee and provide at the commencement against all possible contingencies. If a man destitute of this power is found to have put himself forward to squander the means intrusted to him, let him take his place for the future as unfit for such responsibility. Supposing, on the contrary, he admits he had an impression his calculations might break down, he must then stand convicted of wilful concealment for personal ends. If the scientific gentlemen who distinguish themselves in the world at the cost of shareholders were certain, whatever wealth they might acquire, of being placed by a healthy public sentiment in one of these two categories, we should hear less of inflated monster undertakings half a century in advance of the rational requirements of the period, but should have the more

solid satisfaction of tasting the steady profits of a constant progress, which would develop everything demanded by the best energies of the time.'

THE SNOW-CHILD.

SHE grew in sadness, not in mirth
As other children grow;
Cold seemed she from her very birth,
Like that frail child of snow
We moulded on our mother-earth
In winters long ago.

White as a shroud, it knew no stain;
We tinged its death-pale cheek
With rose-leaves where the dews had lain;
Those eyes our eyes would seek
Were formed of ivy-berries twain:
We wept it could not speak.

Sound was our sleep that fateful night.
We woke; the sun shone high:
Where stood our image of delight
We marked a blank pool lie,
Whence gathering mists enrayed with light
Wreathed upward to the sky.

But she, our child of fleshly mould
Born in life's summer day,
Whose locks outshone the orient gold
Showered from the new-sprung ray,
Whose voice like air-drawn music rolled,
How could she melt away?

We little dreamed—we never knew
What throes her breast were heaving;
Fresh years across her beauty threw
New bloom, our hearts deceiving,
Till fell the night that darker grew:
She passed, and left us grieving.

Our minds grew warped: weak memory turned
To yon old time of sorrow;
And we who once such fancies spurned
A strange remorse would borrow
From that snow-child we made and mourned
That wasted by the morrow.

We stood beside the silent mound
Where all we loved was sleeping;
We almost grieved that 'neath the ground
She could not hear our weeping,
Who, prisoned though in narrow bound,
Lay safe in Heaven's blest keeping.

Was it a dream?—or did our tears
Bedew her grassy pillow;
Or did our tremblings and our fears
Shake from the mournful willow
Such drops as the lashed sea uprears
Flung from some broken billow?

A wreathing mist before the sun
Curled from the turf we trod!—
Even as our child of snow had done,
This dear one from the sod
Uprose, her day of freedom won,
In purity to God.

E. L. H.

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